6 PART MINI-SERIES

SON OF AMBUSH BUG

SEPT. 86

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

LOOK WHAT I JUST FOUND!

IF IT'S GREEN, IT BELONGS TO ME!

IF IT'S COUNTERFEIT, IT'S MINE!

KG/BO

:TEE HEE-HEE:

OH, HIIIII! YOU MUST BE... THE *READER*! :TEE HEE-HEE: AND MY NAME IS *HONEY*.

BUNNY! YOUR NAME IS *BUNNY*!

OH, YEAH... *THAT'S* RIGHT! MY NAME IS *BUNNY*! :TEE HEE-HEE: THANKS, MISTER *BERG*.

BUG! MY NAME IS *BUG*!

:TEE HEE-HEE: OOPSY-DOOPSY! SO... ANYWAY... MISTER *BUG* HIRED *ME*... *BUNNY*, RIGHT?... TO BE... TO BE... *UMMMM*...

TO BE THE *HOSTESS* OF THIS ISSUE! YOU'RE THE *HOSTESS*!

OH. :TEE HEE-HEE: YOU MEAN... LIKE A *TWINKIE*? OR A *CREAM-FILLED CUPCAKE*?

NO, BUNNY. MORE LIKE A *FRUITY TART*.

"WHO PUT THE 'POP' IN POPPYCOCK?"

BASED ON GOVERNMENT REPORTS OBTAINED THROUGH THE FREEDOM OF INFORMATION ACT AND VERIFIED BY FORMER :POP!:

KEITH **GIFFEN** CREATOR, PLOTTER, PENCILLER, AND :POP!:

ROBERT LOREN **FLEMING** WRITER, WHO ALSO :POP!:

BOB **OKSNER** INKER, DESPITE WHAT YOU MAY HAVE :POP!:

ANTHONY **TOLLIN** colorist WHICH IS A REAL :POP!:

JOHN **COSTANZA** letterer NOT TO MENTION HIS :POP!:

JULIUS **SCHWARTZ** EDITOR, AND A REAL PAIN IN THE :POP!:

S-4769

MEANWHILE, IN THE MOJAVE DESERT...

MEAN MO

POP!

MEANWHILE, IN THE MOJAVE DESERT...

BASE TO AGENT TEN. CAN YOU DETERMINE YOUR LOCATION, FRED?

YER NOT GONNA *BELIEVE* THIS, BASE!

THERE'S SOME KINDA GIGANTIC *CAPTION* FLOATIN' IN THE AIR HERE!

CAN YOU READ IT?

YEAH, IT SAYS I'M IN THE *MOJAVE DESERT!* GET ME *OUTTA* HERE, WILLYA? THIS *HEAT'S* A--

MOJA

POP!

ECONDS LATER, AT THE *ARCTIC* CIRCLE...

WELL?

NO *GOOD!* NO *GOOD!* I'M AT THE FREAKIN' *ARCTIC* CIRCLE!!

WILL YOU GUYS *PLEASE* GET YOUR ACT TOGETHER AN' GET ME *BACK* BEFORE I *FREEZE* MY LITTLE--

S LATER, HE *ARCTIC* CIRCLE...

POP!

OKAY. THAT'S *ENOUGH.* LET'S BRING HIM *HOME* NOW.

JIM, ARE YOU *SURE*? YOU *KNOW* WHAT HAPPENED TO THE *OTHERS*.

FRED'S NOT *LIKE* THE OTHERS. FRED'S MY *BROTHER-IN-LAW*.

IF HE CAN LIVE WITH *MY SISTER*, HE CAN SURVIVE *ANYTHING*.

BRING HIM IN *NOW*. SHE WANTS THE LAWN MOWED BEFORE *DINNER*.

OKAY, FRANK.

TAP TAP TAP

RETRIEVE

WHATEVER YOU *SAY*...

POP!

UH-OH!

WELL, SID... SHALL I CALL IN THE *NEXT* GUINEA PIG?

NO. LET'S *HOLD OFF* ON THAT FOR A WHILE, DELL. I'VE GOT AN *UNHAPPY TASK* TO PERFORM.

I GOTTA GO MOW MY SISTER'S *LAWN*.

WHILE I'M *GONE*, TRY AGAIN TO LOCATE THE *MISSING AGENTS*. AND HAVE *NUMBER ELEVEN* SUITED UP BEFORE I GET *BACK*.

WILL DO, JAKE.

THAT *DELL* IS A *BRICK*. DON'T KNOW WHAT I WOULD'VE DONE *WITHOUT* HER ALL THESE YEARS.

ONE OF THESE DAYS I OUGHTTA TELL HER MY *NAME*!

MEANWHILE, ON THAT FRIENDLY LITTLE ISLAND IN THE SEA, JAPAN...

I KILLED HIM NOT.

I KILLED HIM.

I KILLED HIM NOT.

I KILLED HIM.

YES, YES, I KILLED THE AMBUSH BUG!

AND IN DOING SO-- EVEN ACCIDENTALLY-- I HAVE BROUGHT GREAT DISHONOR UPON MYSELF. NOT TO MENTION MANY HEAVY FINE!

HA HA HA HA HA HA--

RHHHHPPP

--BOO HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO.

YA-HA HA HA!

HA HA HA

HO HO HO HO!!

HA HA

YOK

HEE HEE

HAW HAW

:TEE HEE-HEE:

WELL--GASP! NEXT TO LAST LAUGH ANYWAY-- CHOKE!

BUT I WILL BEAT THIS RAP! HE WHO LAUGH LAST, LAUGH BEST. AND LAST LAUGH WILL BE MINE!

ANYBODY HOME?

HEY, CLEAVER! IT'S ME... AMBUSH BUG!

BACK FROM THE DEAD! I FOUND THE DOORWAY OUT OF HELL!

I'LL BET I'M JUST ABOUT THE LAST PERSON YOU EXPECTED TO--

YUKKY!!!

WHAT THE HECK IS GOING ON HERE ANYWAY, READER?

SO GLAD YOU ASKED! MY NAME IS BORIS BOZAK AND I'M HERE TO ANSWER ALL YOUR QUESTIONS ABOUT THIS DC BOOK.

THE ANSWER MANIAC

YOU SEE, IT ALL BEGAN BACK IN SON OF AMBUSH BUG #1, WHEN AMBUSH BUG'S COMIC BOOKING AGENT, SOLLY BERLIN, INFORMED HIM THAT HIS SUPER-VILLAIN PERMIT HAD BEEN REVOKED. EVERYTHING SEEMED TO BE GOING WRONG FOR THE BUG, AND NOW HIS NEW MINI-SERIES WAS SURE TO GO BELLY UP! WHILE HE WORRIED ABOUT FINDING A MENACE TO FIGHT, HIS JAPANESE COUNTERPART, MITSU BISHI, WAS DEVOURED BY A GIANT MONSTER! AMBUSH BUG, MEANWHILE, WAS SECRETLY BEING FOLLOWED AND PERSECUTED BY A GROUP OF TOTAL STRANGERS.

ARRIVING HOME LATER THAT NIGHT, THE BUG FOUND JONNI DC, THE CONTINUITY COP, WAITING FOR HIM. SHE HAD SUFFERED A BIZARRE TRANSFORMATION AT THE HANDS OF A COSMIC BUTTINSKY KNOWN AS THE INTERFERER! NOW SHE WANTED TO WARN AMBUSH BUG, WHO WAS THE ONLY DC HERO WHO STOOD A CHANCE AGAINST THIS STRANGE SPACE-JERK. SUDDENLY, THE INTERFERER STRUCK! AMBUSH BUG BECAME AMBER BUTANE OF THE AMBER BUTANE CORPS AND BARELY ESCAPED WITH HIS LIGHT! AFTER BEING TRAMPLED BY A RAMPAGING HERD OF ROGUE ELEPHANTS, THE BUG RETURNED TO HIS APARTMENT TO FIND HIS BELOVED BOY, CHEEKS, GONE, TRANSFORMED BY THE INTERFERER, UNBEKNOWNST TO THE BUG, INTO COMBAT CHEEKS, FRONTLINE MEDIC!

THE POLICE REFUSED TO HELP AMBUSH BUG IN HIS SEARCH FOR HIS ADOPTED SON. AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT, A SUPER-SECRET ORGANIZATION PLOTTED AGAINST OUR INTREPID HERO! Then in SON OF AMBUSH BUG #2...

THE HECK WITH THIS!

HEY, KEITH!! ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?? HOW MUCH DO YOU THINK I'M GETTING PAID FOR DIALOGUING THIS ONE PAGE??

YOU JERK!

OH, YEAH??

JUST WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, FLEMING?

IF YOU'RE NOT SATISFIED WITH MY WORK ON THIS BOOK... PENCIL IT YOURSELF!!

I WILL!!

AND YOU CAN DIALOGUE IT, SO THERE!!

GOOBA MOOBA KABOOBY POO!

YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT!

CRASH!

SUDDENLY...

BUMMER.

MAJOR BUMMER.

THESE *BUMMERS* MAKE ME FEEL--

--TENSE!!

TAKE IT *EASY*, BOSS, OR YOUR *BRAIN* WILL EXPLODE!

MY *BRAIN*?

HE'S *RIGHT*. I'LL *CHILL OUT* FOR *MY* SAKE.

DON'T LOOK **NOW**, STEVE, BUT...

A **MONSTER BUMMER** MAKING ME **TENSE TO THE MAX!!!**

SAM! YOUR... YOUR **BRAIN!!!**

...LOOK!!

Memorandum

To: JULIUS SCHWARTZ
From: MANAGEMENT
Date: January 27th, 1986
Re: SON OF AMBUSH BUG #3, Page 6

Without wishing to infringe upon your authority as editor of this mini-series, we would nevertheless like to take a moment to recommend that you return Robert Loren Fleming to the djaloguing of this book and Keith Giffen to the pencils.

Now.

POP!

AW, NO! COUSIN PETE!!

MY AUNT'S GONNA BE REAL SORE ABOUT THIS.

WELL, NED, WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO HAVE THE OLD GIRL SUIT UP?

IS SHE AGENT TWELVE?

OF COURSE NOT!

THEN SHE'S JUST GOING TO HAVE TO WAIT HER TURN.

CAN I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU, CHIEF?

PERRY! MY MAIN MAN! SURE, LET'S RAP! LAY IT ON ME, BRO'!

NINCOMPOOP.

I'VE BEEN DOING SOME RESEARCH INTO THE PROBLEM OF OUR DIS-APPEARING AGENTS.

THAT'S REAL RIGHTEOUS OF YOU, PERRY.

UH...YEAH, WELL, LOOK WHAT HAPPENS, CHIEF...

...WHEN I PLACE A DROP OF PROTEIN...

...ON A TINY SCRAP OF THE ORIGINAL AMBUSH BUG UNIFORM!

BOGUS!!

THAT COSTUME HAS BEEN EATING MY RELATIVES!!

MEANWHILE, UNDER THE BIG TOP...

YOU MADE YOUR *FIRST* MISTAKE, VILLAIN, WHEN YOU CHOSE TO TAKE ON--

--BLOTTO!!

THAT'S *VILLIAN*, NOT *VILLAIN*! V-I-L-L-I-A-N!

YOU SEE, I PURPOSELY *NAMED* MYSELF THAT BECAUSE--

WHAM!

--BECAUSE I ABSOLUTELY *HATE* IT WHEN PEOPLE MISSPELL THE WORD "*VILLAIN.*"

SO I TOOK UP A *LIFE OF CRIME* AND DUBBED MYSELF "*VILLIAN THE VILLAIN*" JUST SO PEOPLE WOULD LEARN TO--

SPEH-- SPEH-- SPEH--

UH... BLOTTO?

CRUNCH! CRACK! SNAP!

I HATE TO *INTERRUPT*, BUT--

V-I-L-L-A-I-N!

--SPELLLLL !!!!!!!T!!!!

KA-BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

OOPS.

ELSEWHERE...

SO THAT'S THE *STORY*, DELL, OLD GIRL.

IT'S *AWFUL*, HANK! THAT *CANNIBAL COSTUME* HAS DEVOURED *TWELVE GOOD AGENTS!* WHY, WHEN I *THINK* THAT WE WERE ABOUT TO SEND IN *AGENT THIRTEEN...*

YEAH. IRONIC *TIMING*, HUH?

I GUESS YOU CAN TELL MY *MOTHER-IN-LAW* THAT WE WON'T BE NEEDING HER TODAY *AFTER ALL.*

:SIGH:

SO...WHAT *NOW*, CLARK? PLAN *X*?

IT'S A *LONG SHOT*, DELL.

I CAN *FACE IT...*

...BUT CAN *YOU ESTABLISH* IT?

I CAN GIVE IT *MY* BEST SHOT.

I CAN TAKE IT ON THE *CHIN.*

WE'LL FOLLOW OUR *NOSES.*

PLAY IT BY *EAR.*

FURROW OUR *BROWS.*

SWALLOW OUR *PRIDE.*

AND NOT FAR AWAY, IN A DISTANT GALAXY...

...A MEDDLER'S WORK IS NEVER DONE...

LOOK AT THAT *PLANET!* THAT'S CARRYING SERENITY *TOO FAR!*

LET'S SEE...A LITTLE VOLCANIC ASH *HERE*... A LITTLE MOLTEN LAVA *THERE*... AND...

WOWZAH!!

NOW FOR SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE *DOWN-TO-EARTH.* :HEH HEH:

BINGO! LOOK AT THAT *HIGH TECH! SLICK! CLEAN!*

BO-RING.

SOMEBODY SIMPLY *MUST DO* SOMETHING ABOUT THAT PLACE.

AND THOSE *PEOPLE!* PEE-YOU-TRID!

I'M THINKING... *QUAINT.* I'M THINKING *GREETING CARD CUTE.* OH, YES.

I'VE *GOT* IT! SO *ARTSY* AND YET SO COMMERCIAL, *TOO!*

ZAM!

HELPING *PEOPLE* IS WHAT IT'S ALL *ABOUT.*

Little Jim of the E.L.F.

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE LIVED AN ELF NAMED LITTLE JIM WHO WAS SO TINY THAT HE WAS ALWAYS PICKED ON BY THE BIGGEST ELVES, TROLLS, DWARVES, LEPRECHAUNS, WOOD SPRITES, GREMLINS, PIXIES, GOBLINS, IMPS, GNOMES, TREE NYMPHS, POOKAS, SYLPHS, AND EVEN BY THE OCCASIONAL FAIRY.

E.L.F. HEADQUARTERS AUTHORIZED PERSONELFS ONLY

FINALLY, OUT OF DESPERATION, LITTLE JIM FORMED THE E.L.F., WHICH STOOD FOR "EVERY LITTLE FELLOW," AND WHICH BANDED TOGETHER ALL THE SHRIMPS OF THE WORLD.

AN *ELF!* HOW *HUMILIATING*, HUH, DELL?

AT LEAST I FINALLY KNOW THAT YOUR NAME IS *JIM*.

JIM *JUNIOR*. I WAS NAMED AFTER MY *MOM*.

CHIEF! CHIEF! I HAVE AN URGENT CALL FROM *PERRY THE MIGHTY!* HE'S *FOUND* SOMETHING!

PERRY THE *MIGHTY?*

OKAY, PERRY. *SHOOT.*

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO *BELIEVE* THIS, LITTLE JIM.

WE'VE GOT *ANOTHER* AMBUSH BUG BODY HERE!

YES. YES. NO, I'M NOT *KIDDING*. I *KNOW* IT'S THE THIRD ONE SO FAR. YES! YES, THE UNIFORM IS *COMPLETELY INTACT!*

IF I WASN'T *LISTENING* TO THIS THROUGH *POINTED EARS*, I WOULDN'T BELIEVE A *WORD* OF IT!

NOT FAR AWAY...

DAILY PLANET

CLOWN COMMITS SUICIDE

RECEIVES STANDING OVATION

OH... NO!!

JUST LIKE THE *CLEAVER!*

BLOTTO ACCIDENTALLY KILLED *AMBUSH BUG* AND THEN FELT HE HAD TO KILL *HIMSELF!*

I'M THE ONLY MEMBER OF THE UH-OH SQUAD *LEFT* WHO *HASN'T* KILLED AMBUSH BUG!

HAVE TO GET *OUT* OF HERE-- *HIDE, RUN,* MAYBE GROW MY *HAIR* OUT.

I LIKE IT THE WAY IT *IS,* MS. MOHAWK.

YOU!?!

HEY, DO ME A *BIG FAVOR.* DON'T MAKE ANY *SUDDEN MOVES,* OKAY?

I'M FEELING A LITTLE *FRAGILE* THIS WEEK.

NOOO!! I DON'T **WANT** TO KILL YOU!! I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO KILL **MYSELF!!**

I DON'T KNOW WHAT *YOUR GAME* IS, BUG, BUT I'M NOT *FALLING* FOR IT.!!

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I *ASKED* THE LANDLORD TO FIX THAT *STOOP??*

AWK! OOP! ARP! OOG! GREK! GLARG! SNARP!

STUB!

THUD!

GOOD EVENING. I'M GRAY PLANTER AND THIS IS THE NEWS. OUR TOP STORY TONIGHT CONCERNS THE STRANGE MULTIPLE DEATHS AND PREPOSTEROUS POSTMORTEMS OF THE CREATURE KNOWN AS AMBUSH BUG.

GRAY PLANTER

THIS VERY AFTERNOON, A BODY, AMBUSH BUG'S THIRD SO FAR, WAS DISCOVERED BY POLICE IN THE WRECKAGE OF WHAT ONCE WAS THE IGUANA CAGE OF THE SPANGLING BROTHERS CIRCUS.

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, THE BODY OF BLOTTO THE CLOWN WAS FOUND IN ROOM 307 OF THE LOCAL SHERATON, DEAD FROM A SELF-ADMINISTERED OVERDOSE OF LAUGHING GAS. POLICE WERE UNABLE TO EXPLAIN THE PRESENCE IN THE ROOM OF SEVENTEEN DEAD IGUANAS.

307

IN THE OPINION OF THIS STATION, IGUANAS HAVE NO PLACE IN ANY FINE LUXURY HOTEL. WHILE OTHERS MAY POINT TO THE RIGHTS OF THE OWNERS, WE MUST TAKE A STAND FIRMLY ON THE SIDE OF THE IGUANAS.

EDITORIAL

DUH...YEAH. HI. I'M, LIKE, THE OWNER OF THEM DEAD IGUANAS AND I'D LIKE TO... UHHH... OFFER A WHAT-DO-YOU-CALL-IT CONTRASTING POINT OF VIEW. I... UHHH... THINK... THAT'S IT'S OKAY FOR IGUANAS TO STAY AT THE SHERATON. I MEAN, LIKE, WHY NOT?

AN EDITORIAL REPLY

FOR ANOTHER PERSPECTIVE, WE WENT TO E.L.F. HEADQUARTERS AND SPOKE TO LITTLE JIM, WHO HAS OFTEN BEEN PICKED ON BY THESE SELFSAME IGUANAS.

E.L.F.
HEADQUARTERS
AUTHORIZED PERSONELFS ONLY

I DON'T WANT TO DISCUSS IT. I'VE NEVER MADE ANY PUBLIC STATEMENTS AGAINST IGUANAS AND I WAS NOWHERE NEAR THE SHERATON THIS AFTERNOON. I CHECKED OUT BEFORE TWELVE!

SO THERE YOU HAVE IT, FOLKS. THE IGUANA. A FRIEND TO MAN OR JUST ANOTHER RESERVATION DESK NIGHTMARE? WE'LL NEVER KNOW FOR SURE.

GRAY PLANTER

AND IN A RELATED STORY, OUR OWN NEWS CORRESPONDENT, CHEK TROWSERS, TODAY ANNOUNCED HIS ENTRY INTO THE SUPER-HERO GAME AS A RELENTLESS AVENGER TO BE KNOWN AS... CAPITANO IGUANA!

THIRTEEN HUNDRED YEARS LATER (JUST KIDDING!), IN E.L.F. HEADQUARTERS...

YOU'RE SURE YOU WANT TO TRY THIS?

WHAT HAVE WE GOT TO LOSE?

TOUCH THIS AND YOU DIE!

WELL, GEE, I'VE GROWN SORT OF ATTACHED TO YOU.

BZZZZT

I'M TOO BIG FOR YOU NOW, ANYWAY.

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT.

TOUCH THIS AND YOU DIE!

STILL AND ALL, IT'S PRETTY SCARY!

NEVER BE FRIGHTENED BY DRY GOODS, KID.

YOU JUST HAVE TO LET THEM KNOW WHO'S BOSS.

WISH ME LUCK!

RUSTLE RUSTLE

TWITCH

TWITCH

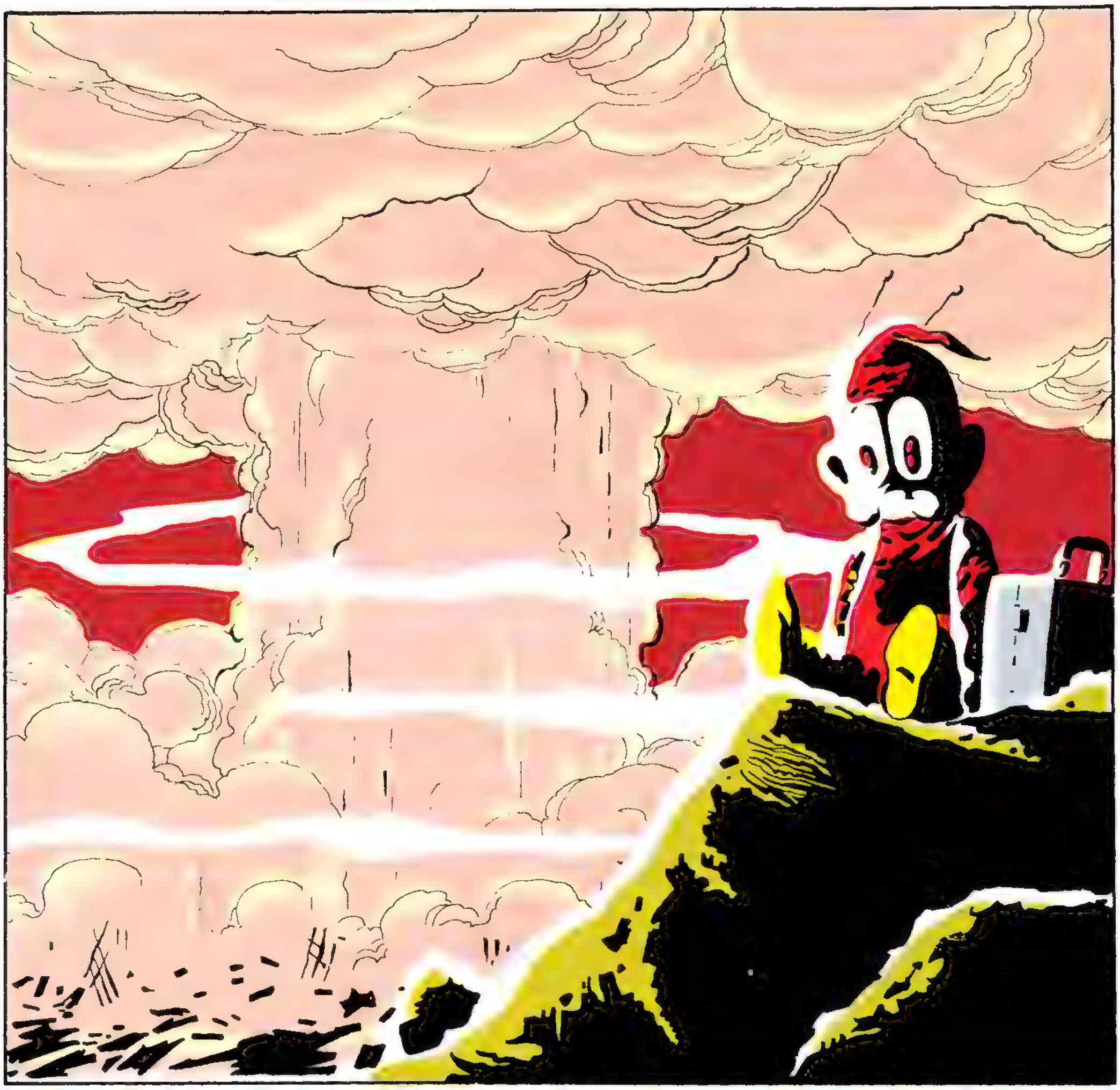
HEY, KID... CHECK IT OUT! I DID IT! I DID IT!

WHO SAID CLOTHES DON'T MAKE THE MAN?

AND NOW IT'S TIME FOR ANOTHER EXCITING ADVENTURE OF HIS ROYAL HARSHNESS...

COMBAT CHEEKS

FRONTLINE MEDIC



IN

"LET'S HASH HIROSHIMA!"

NOT SO VERY LONG AGO, ON THAT FRIENDLY LITTLE ISLAND IN THE SEA, JAPAN, A DEVASTATING ATOMIC WEAPON WAS DROPPED ON THE CITY OF HIROSHIMA.

THE BOMB KILLED MANY WOMEN, MANY OLD PEOPLE, AND MANY, MANY CHILDREN. BUT THEY WERE NOT THE TARGET OF THE BLAST.

IT WAS THE IGUANAS.

SECRET IGUANAS HAD BEEN PLOTTING AGAINST THE FREE WORLD FOR DECADES, AND IT WAS LEARNED IN WASHINGTON THAT THEY WERE ABOUT TO STRIKE.

PRESIDENT TRUMAN ACTED DECISIVELY.

BY BOMBING HIROSHIMA, IT WAS ESTIMATED THAT HE SAVED THREE MILLION CITIZENS FROM IMMINENT DEATH AND POSSIBLE WORLD IGUANA DOMINATION.

IN THE NEVER-ENDING STRUGGLE AGAINST SURVIVING IGUANAS, ONE FREEDOM FIGHTER STANDS OUT, KEEPING HIS WAR ALIVE IN THE FACE...

...OF HIS FACE.

CHEEK

IN A VIOLENT NEW WORLD OLD IGUANAS DIE HARD.

THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND, FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY-EIGHT WAR-HEADS LATER...

YOU SURE I CAN'T GETCHA A *YOO-HOO*, MISTER BUG?

NO *WAY*, RONNIE, SINCE I'VE BEEN ON THE *WAGON*, I'VE FELT LIKE A *NEW PERSON*.

I *WILL* TAKE ANOTHER ONE OF THESE *WHISKEY STRAIGHTS*, THOUGH.

IT SEEMS LIKE I WAS *MISSING* SOMETHING... OR *SOMEONE*... BUT THAT THIRD *DRINK* SEEMS TO HAVE DESTROYED MY *BRAIN*.

I WONDER IF I CAN STILL *DRIVE*?

BEWARE!!

BEWARE, AMBUSH BUG!

I AM *LITTLE JIM* THE ELF, AND I HAVE BEEN *FATALLY WOUNDED* BY YOUR *EMPTY COSTUME* COME TO *LIFE*!

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SINK *THIS* LOW. I'M READY FOR THE *DRINK TANK*.

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE *THINKING*, BUT YOU'RE *NOT SEEING* THINGS! IT WAS THE *INTERFERER* WHO TURNED ME INTO AN *ELF*!

AND YOUR ARCH ENEMY *ARGH!YLE* IS BEHIND THE ANIMATION OF YOUR *UNIFORM*!

IT'S *TRUE*! YOU'VE GOT TO... *BELIEVE* ME... OR MY ENTIRE *LIFE* WILL HAVE BEEN... IN *VAIN*... *WASTED*... TOTALLY *POINT*... *LESS*... *ACKK-K-K-K*...

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THOSE HAPPY DAYS OF *YORE*?

SO, *RONNIE*... HOW ABOUT THOSE *YANKEES*?

AND FAR OVERHEAD, IN THE BUREAU...

WILL THE PERSON WHO'S DOUBLE-PARKED IN THE BOTTOM DRAWER PLEASE MOVE THEIR FOOTWARMER! THEY'RE BLOCKING A FIRE LANE!

THE GAME IS AFOOT!!!

EVEN AS I SPEAK, SK-423 APPROACHES THE ENEMY LINES, DRESSED IN THE AMBUSH BUG UNIFORM AND CARRYING...

...A WEAPON SO ULTIMATE...

HOW ULTIMATE IS IT?

AY-OH!

IT'S SOOOOO ULTIMATE... THAT I'VE RECHRISTENED IT...

"...OPERATION PLAN OF STEEL!!"

HOW COME I ALWAYS GET THE DIRTY JOBS??

OTHER SOCKS GET WADDED UP INTO BALLS AND PLAYED WITH BY LITTLE KIDS!

...OR THEY'RE USED AS CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS!

BUT NOT OLD SK-423! NO EASY, CUSHY EXISTENCE FOR ME!

I'M SICK OF IT!

AS SOON AS I GET MY CHRISTMAS BONUS... I'M QUITTING!!!

WELCOME TO METROPOLIS

HOME OF

SUPERMAN™

AND INCIDENTALLY, HERE COMES THAT NUISANCE OF THE NETHERSPHERE, THAT PARASITICAL PRIG, THAT BIMBO OF BUTTINSKIES, THAT--

BETTER QUIT WHILE YOU'RE AHEAD, METAPHOR-BRAIN!

POOM!

CRACKLE CRACKLE CRACKLE

OOH, YEAH! SOME MORNINGS I JUST CAN'T DRAG MYSELF OUT OF THE METEOR SHOWER!

BUT WHAT'S THIS? A DARKLING PLAIN? ROLLING HILLS? A PENSIVE SCENE OF UTTER BEAUTY AND UNSPOILED NATURAL PERFECTION?

NOT ON MY PLANET YOU DON'T!

♪ THAT'S THE WAY, UH-HUH, UH-HUH,
I LIIIIIKE IT, UH-HUH, UH-HUH!
THAT'S THE WAY, UH-HUH, UH-HUH,
I LIIIIIIKE IT, UH-HUH, UH-HUH!

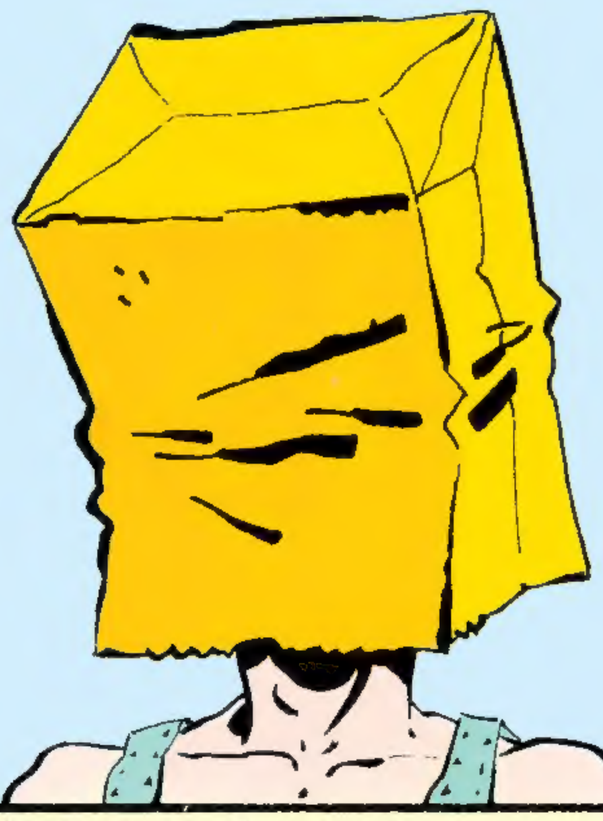
A BUGGY BONUS PAGE!

MEAT THE CREATORS*

*SEND PRIME CUTS ONLY TO:

"CREATORS"
BOX 000-1
BLACK FOREST, KK
00000-0000

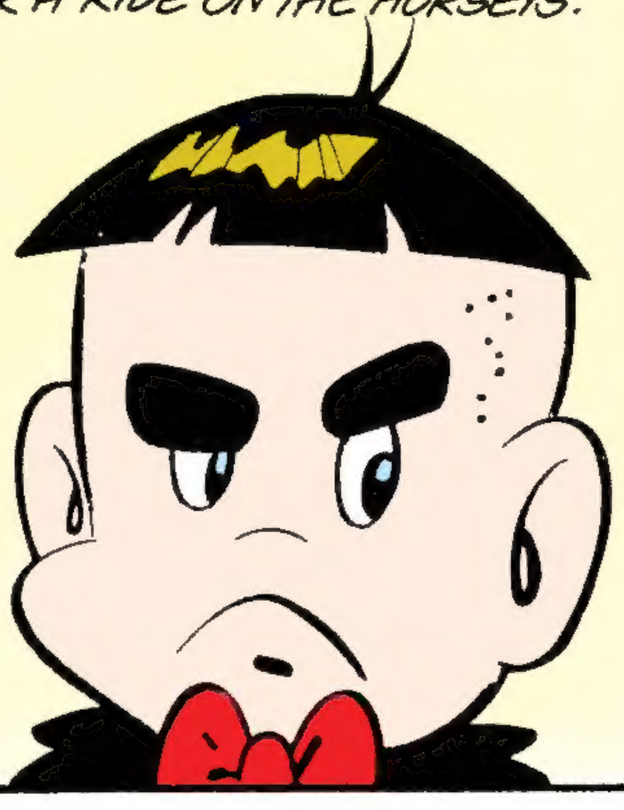
KEITH GIFFEN, CREATOR, PLOTTER, AND PENCILLER OF AMBUSH BUG, WAS BORN AND RAISED IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE WITHOUT ANY UNDERPANTS. HE IS SHY TO THIS DAY AND INSISTS ON HIDING HIS FACE FROM EVERYONE, INCLUDING HIS WIFE, HIS BARBER, HIS OPTOMETRIST, AND HIS EAR, NOSE, AND THROAT MAN.



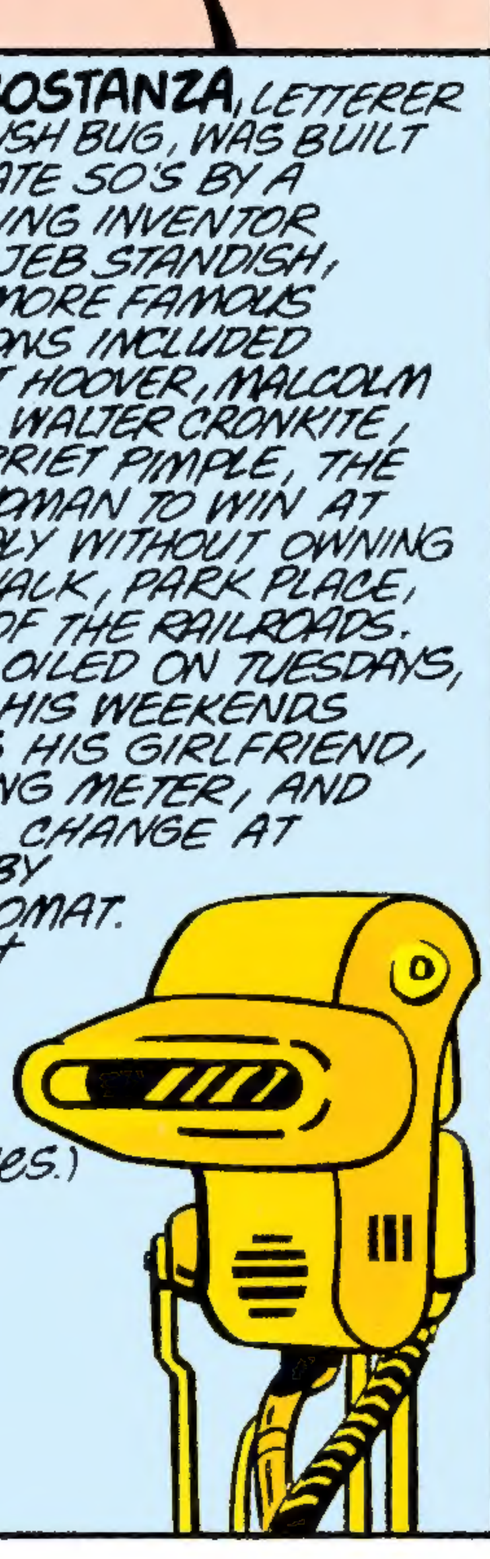
ROBERT LOREN FLEMING, SELF-STYLED SCRIPTER OF AMBUSH BUG, WAS THE MAIN INSPIRATION FOR THE SONG "BAD TO THE BONE." MORE RECENTLY HE HAS GIVEN UP THE ROLLER DERBY FOR A CAREER IN HEAVY-WEIGHT WRESTLING. HIS FIRST MATCH WAS FOUGHT AGAINST HIS COLLABORATOR, KEITH GIFFEN, AND ENDED IN A DRAW.

BOB OKSNER, INKER OF AMBUSH BUG, MAILS IN HIS PAGES FROM THE DENSE JUNGLES OF THE DARK CONTINENT. WHEN ASKED TO EXPLAIN HIS BIZARRE LIFE-STYLE, BOB INSTEAD FORMED A SORT OF LIVING CHAIN OF MONKEYS, WHICH HE USED TO CLIMB THE HIGHEST BRANCH OF A GRIZZLED SEQUOIA TREE. THERE HE SCREAMED "KOWABUNGA!" AND WEPT VIOLENTLY.

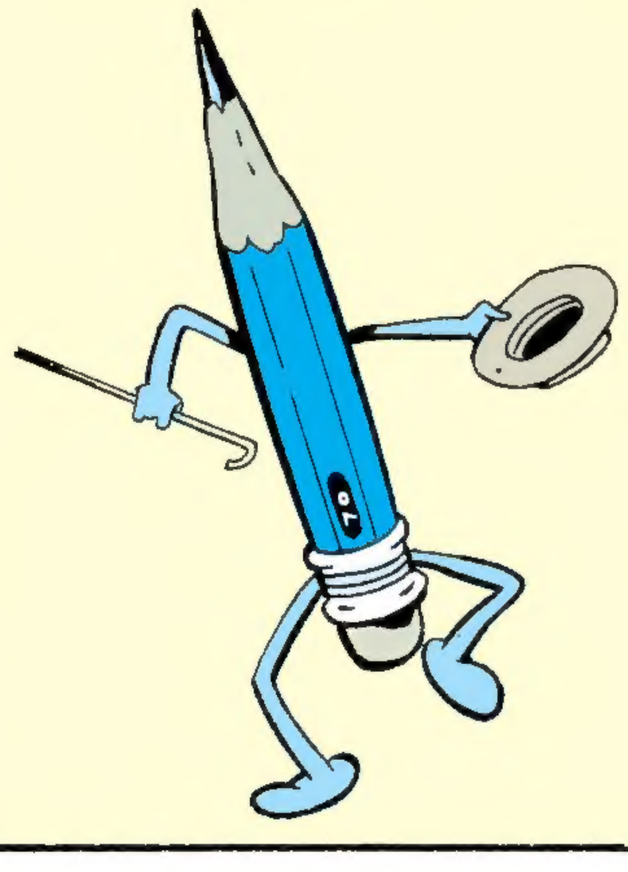
ANTHONY TOLLIN, COLORIST OF AMBUSH BUG, NEVER GREW PAST THE AGE OF TEN. EVERY YEAR ON HIS TENTH BIRTHDAY HE INVITES FRIENDS OVER FOR CAKE AND ICE CREAM, A BEER BLAST, COCKTAILS, A POKER PARTY, CHARADES, AND DENTU-CREAM, DEPENDING ON THE AGES OF HIS MANY CHUMS. HE CAN OFTEN BE SEEN WITH HIS BEST AND OLDEST FRIEND PICKING UP WOMEN AT THE LOCAL NURSING HOME, THEN HEADING FOR THE PLAYGROUND FOR A RIDE ON THE HORSEYS.



JOHN COSTANZA, LETTERER OF AMBUSH BUG, WAS BUILT IN THE LATE 50'S BY A PIONEERING INVENTOR NAMED JEB STANDISH, WHOSE MORE FAMOUS INVENTIONS INCLUDED HERBERT HOOVER, MALCOLM FORBES, WALTER CRONKITE, AND HARRIET PIMPLE, THE FIRST WOMAN TO WIN AT MONOPOLY WITHOUT OWNING BOARDWALK, PARK PLACE, OR ANY OF THE RAILROADS. JOHN IS OILED ON TUESDAYS, SPENDS HIS WEEKENDS VISITING HIS GIRLFRIEND, A PARKING METER, AND MAKING CHANGE AT A NEARBY LAUNDROMAT. (DEPOSIT 10¢ FOR TWO MORE SENTENCES.)



JULIUS SCHWARTZ, EDITOR OF AMBUSH BUG, IS A DANCING FOOL WHO, YES, HAS NO BANANAS. HE LIKES TO PLAY BRIDGE, READ SCIENCE FICTION, AND BITE THE HEADS OFF TINY, DEFENSELESS FREE-LANCERS. HE IS KNOWN TO MILLIONS OF PEOPLE, BUT NONE OF THEM LET ON. HE IS RESPONSIBLE FOR MANY OF THE WORDS THAT YOU'RE NOT READING ON THIS PAGE TODAY.



; TEE HEE-HEE ;

THIS IS THE END OF THE *ISSUE*, I *GUESS*, AND I'VE BEEN ; *TEE HEE-HEE* ; *PROPOSI-TIONED* BY--

ASKED, BUNNY! NOT *PROPOSITIONED*! *DON'T* SAY *PROPOSITIONED*!!

OH, OKAY. ; *TEE HEE-HEE* ; SO... ANYWAY... I WAS *ASKED* BY MISTER *GRIFFEN*--

GIFFEN! HIS NAME IS *GIFFEN*! GET HIS *NAME* RIGHT--HE'S GOT AN *ERASER*!

OH, *WOW*. ; *TEE HEE-HEE* ; *RIIIGHT*. SO... I WAS *ASKED* BY MISTER... *GIFFEN*... TO... TO... *UMMM*...

I'LL TAKE OVER FROM *HERE*, BUG! GO ON *HOME*. CALL IT A *NIGHT*.

YOU *SURE*, JULIE? I *HATE* TO LEAVE YOU ALL ALONE HERE WITH *BUNNY*! SHE STILL HAS SO MUCH TO *LEARN*!

WHAT ELSE IS AN EDITOR *FOR*, BUG? WHAT ELSE IS AN EDITOR *FOR*?

; *TEE HEE-HEE* ;

THE... END ?